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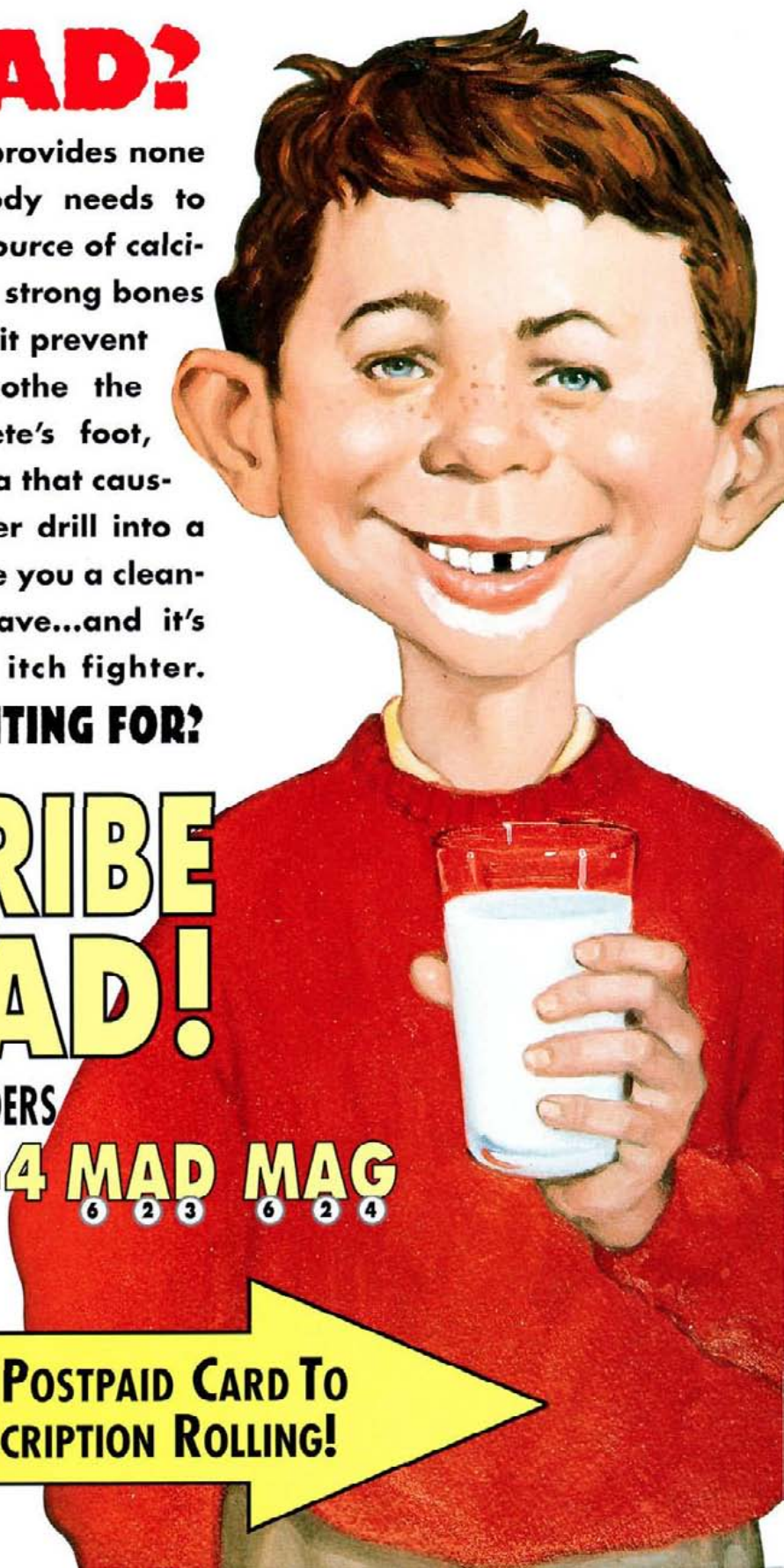
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# MAD

SEPTEMBER 1997 NUMBER 361

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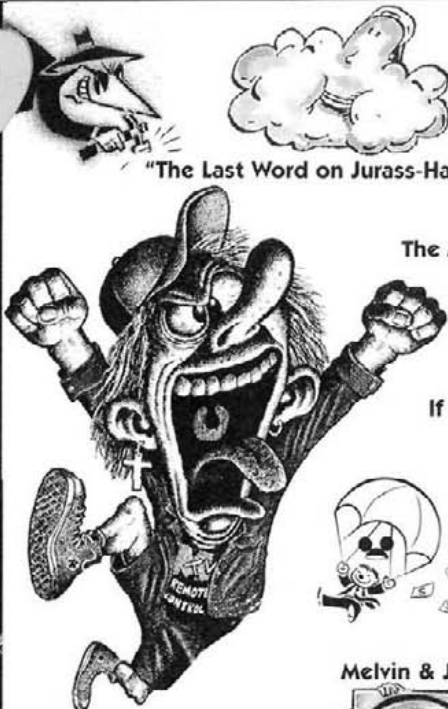
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the usual gang of idiots

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"In Hollywood these days, what's coming out isn't  
as interesting as who's coming out!"

— Alfred E. Newman



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FRONT COVER ARTIST: SAM VIVIANO  
BACK COVER ARTIST: MORT DRUCKER  
BACK COVER WRITER: JOHN CALDWELL







MAD #362 ON SALE  
SEPTEMBER 16!

## "WALT DISNEY VISITS HIS STUDIO TODAY"

I was just reading "Walt Disney Visits His Studio Today" (MAD #357) when I noticed a very big mistake. There was a whole section on the unthawing of Walt Disney. Perhaps you don't know this, but Walt Disney was cremated in the 1960s, over 30 years ago. The only way to unthaw him would be to find all of his ashes, put them in a cup of water, freeze the water, then unthaw the water.

Robert Frankel  
New York, NY

**Bobby** — Thanks for your enlightening letter! We ran your theory past noted physician and dabbler in the cryogenic arts, Dr. Grady Pounder. He assures us that if we follow the scientific procedure you suggest above, we will not get America's beloved Walt, but merely a rich, tasty cup of freeze-dried Folger's coffee! Nice going, Java Boy! —Ed.

## ATTENTION SUBSCRIBERS!

For all subscription-related matters (including change of address) in the U.S. and Canada, please call 1-800-4MAD MAG or write P.O. BOX 52345, Boulder, CO 80322-9345! Please DO NOT phone, write, fax or E-mail our New York office — we're too dumb to help you there!

## ABOUT FACE

Are you looking for a fresh face to put into your "Lighter Side" or any other kind of articles that you do in MAD? Well if you are, I would love to have my face spread all over the pages of MAD! If you would like my picture, I would be happy to send you my face. I don't want anything in return, except maybe the issues of MAD that I am in, if it's no trouble!

Gary Deere@aol.com

**Gar** — Yes! By all means send us your photos immediately! We have some upcoming articles that we can definitely use you in, such as: "You Know You're Hideously Ugly When..." "Monroe &...The Hideously Ugly Guy," "Melvin & Jenkins' Guide to the Hideously Ugly," "The Lighter Side of Doctors (Who Treat the Hideously Ugly)" and "Spy Vs. Spy Vs. The Hideously Ugly Guy." We await your prompt reply. Thanks for writing! —Ed.

## STERN WARNING

I just wanted to say that I really loved the cover of MAD #357. I think that Howard Stern and Dennis Rodman make a great couple. I can't wait for the issue that shows what their kids look like. Hope to see it soon!

Eagle1879@aol.com

**Eagle** — We have no idea what their child would look like. But we know one thing for sure — it'd be hideously ugly, just like Gary You-Know-Who! —Ed.

## HEADS OR TAILS?

The front cover of MAD #356, April 1997, featured Alfred E. Neuman photocopying his butt. I think it would be much coarser if he photocopied his face and the printout was of his butt!

Monique Sorkin  
ShiRon, Israel

**Mony Mony** — Sorry, we think you've got it ass-backwards! —Ed.

## DRAWING ATTENTION



Congratulations to longtime MAD artists Sergio Aragones and Jack Davis, shown here with their awards for Cartoonist of the Year and Lifetime Achievement, respectively, won at this year's National Cartoonists Society Reuben Awards ceremony! As usual, Susan Lucci was totally ignored!

## HOW TO REACH US

Please Address Correspondence To: MAD, Dept. 361, 1700 Broadway, New York, New York 10019. MAD welcomes reader submissions. Manuscripts will not be returned or acknowledged, however, unless they are accompanied by a self-addressed, stamped envelope!

## LLAMA DEAREST

We collect and don't read all of our MADs through the school year. Then we take them with us on our llama packing expeditions during the summer vacation. Reading MAD during our two weeks in the wilderness gives us something meaningful to talk about around the campfire. The llamas carry the MADs for us in their packs!

Melinda Lee-Van Bossuyt  
Newberg, OR



Melinda Lee-Van Bossuyt and her son Douglas of Newberg, Oregon share some guffaws with their llama, Graysun! We briefly considered giving them a free subscription for submitting a Celebrity Snap, except the llama's name isn't Dolly!



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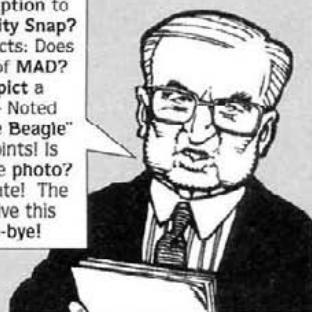
VISIT THE MAD  
WEB SITE!  
<http://www.do.comics.com/mad/>

## MAD CELEBRITY SNAPS



Nate Smith of Alexandria, VA sent in this Celebrity Snap of noted McLaughlin Group panelist, Fred Barnes, secretly holding an issue of MAD beneath a copy of *The Weekly Standard*. Is this worthy of a free subscription? We defer to the judgement of the loud, despotic McLaughlin Group moderator, John McLaughlin!

Issue one! Should Nate receive a complimentary three-year subscription to MAD for his Celebrity Snap? Let's look at the facts: Does it contain a copy of MAD? Yes! Does it depict a celebrity? Yes — Noted canine Barkly "The Beagle" Barnes! Extra points! Is Eleanor Clift in the photo? No! Good goin' Nate! The answer is yes! Give this boy a sub! Bye-bye!



## PAJAMA SMARTY

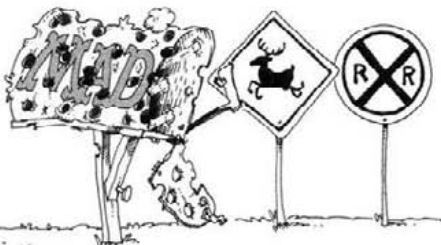
I am your number one fan! At every sleepover I go to I bring every issue of MAD I have. All night my friends and I read them and make jokes about Alfred E. Neuman. Thanks to MAD, my friends and I have the best sleepovers in town!

Paul Dalton  
Bangor, PA

Pauley — Here's three more tips for a successful sleepover party for you and your buddies: 1) Never hold it at the Neverland Ranch! 2) Never hold it at the Neverland Ranch! 3) Never hold it at the Neverland Ranch! You follow? — Ed.

## OH GODFREY

Editor's Note: Oops, it seems like that idiot Godfrey screwed up again! Back in MAD #358, we said that noted logographer Hans Brickface of Brickface's Bric-a-Brac, Inc. examined MAD #355 (with the "MAAD" logo) and "appraised one of these collector's issues at \$3,000." Godfrey, who conducted the Brickface interview, later informed us that Brickface actually valued the issue at "\$2.50." Also, while it is true that "only a percentage of the press run received this unique logo anomaly," that percentage was 100%. Regrets for any confusion!



# COVER YOUR WALLS! COVER YOUR DOORS! COVER YOUR LOCKERS!

(AND WATCH OTHERS COVER THEIR EYES!)



# MAD



## Poster Special



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WALL SPACE IS GOING FAST!

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I'm Jaunt Hammock, the millionaire who loves old dinosaurs! Hell, every morning when I shave, I see one in the mirror! Me! I like the prehistoric ones, too! I'm the one who brought them back to life using a clever combination of DNA, BS and SFX! Unfortunately, my plans to open a Jurass-has-had-it Park where people could see my living dinosaurs didn't work out! But now, several years later, I've discovered herds of dinosaurs living on the other island I own! Normally, they would have been wiped out by starvation, but fortunately, dinosaurs are really an evolved species and are clever enough to order out! They even put it on my Visa! I'm sending a search party to Snore Island to see how the dino's are doing! So it's clear you haven't heard...

ARTIST: PAUL COKER

WRITER: DICK DEBARTOLO

I'm Iam Malcontent, noted scientist! I've developed three new theories! One, dinosaurs will swallow anything and two, so will audiences watching a big budget movie with dazzling special effects! The holes in the plot of this flick are even bigger than the dinosaurs, but no one seems to care! For instance, what happened to the rest of the cast from the first picture? Which brings me to my third theory — you don't care either!

I'm Sayrah Hardup and I've had my fill of tall monsters with limited intelligence! That's why I needed a break from my boyfriend, Iam! Coming to this island is a real opportunity for me to use my education! In college I majored in Prehistoric Biology with a minor in Screaming and Fleeing!

I'm Roland Testosterone, the big game hunter! I'm tough! I'm rough! But, I believe in gun control! Why? 'Cause I know if you have a gun, you control everything! Needless to say, I'm also incredible in bed! I once made love to four guns at the same time!


I'm Kiddy, Iam's daughter! My dad is so involved in his own life, he hardly pays any attention to me! When I surprised him by stowing away in one of the trailers and sneaking onto Snore Island, he said: "I hope you know what you're doing, SON!" I've heard him and his girlfriend Sayrah argue over whether or not the T-Rex make good parents! They can't be any worse than mine!





# THE LAST WORD

## ON JURASS-HAS-HAD-IT PARK

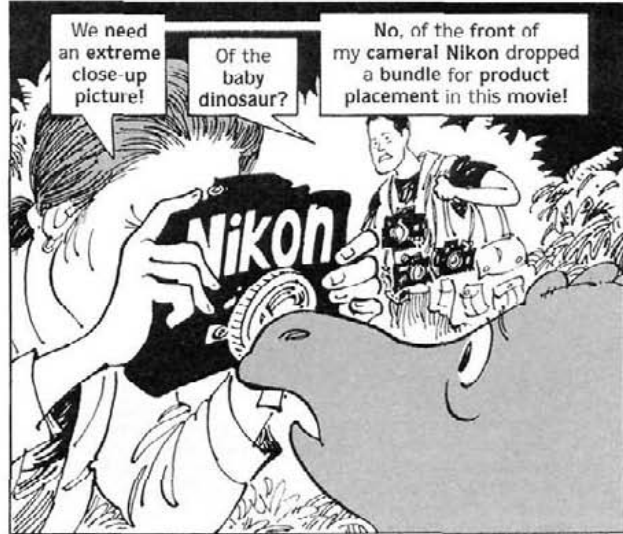


I'm Hick, the photographer! My job is to make a photographic journal of all the dinosaurs on Snore Island! I'm totally set! I have five cameras, 40 cases of film, and a list of every one-hour photo shop on the face of the Earth! I just hope Snore Island has a listing or all my work may be for naught!

I'm Peter Laidlow! My uncle sent those ecology jerks here to see how dinosaurs live! I came here to see how we can live off the dinosaurs! I brought a team of men with me to capture some dinos and ship them back to San Diego! People will pay plenty to see live dinosaurs, I tell you, especially if we dress 'em up in little hats and coats, and teach 'em to do tricks!

I'm Oddie, the field equipment expert! This is my latest invention, the On-High Escape Rope! It's useful if any of the team is about to be attacked by a dinosaur! They simply pull this noose around their waist and pull themselves out of danger! If the dinosaur can reach them, they go into phase two — they slide the noose up their neck and hang themselves! It's a lot more pleasant than being ripped apart by those ornery bastards!

I'm Doctor Bark! My mission is to carefully chart and categorize in precise detail every single unique creature on this island! It's a very important undertaking because each different species translates into a different lunch-box and Burger King watch!







Oddie, help!! Can you pass down a cable?

Cable? How can you watch cable at a time like this?

A cable to pull us up!

Oh! Good idea! I'll attach one end of it to our junky little Mercedes! Certainly a car that weighs half a ton should have enough power to pull two 8-ton trailers back up a cliff! Especially with waist-deep mud for traction!



This glass is cracking!

Then I'm safe!

It's okay! It's safety glass! It cracks, but it won't break!

Yes! Unless the whole panel falls out! But that would only happen if someone put their whole body weight on it! Look at it this way: When you hit the rocks at the bottom of that 100-foot cliff, you won't have to worry about being cut by flying pieces of glass!



Oddie, we can't hang on much longer! What are you doing up there playing with those dinosaurs?

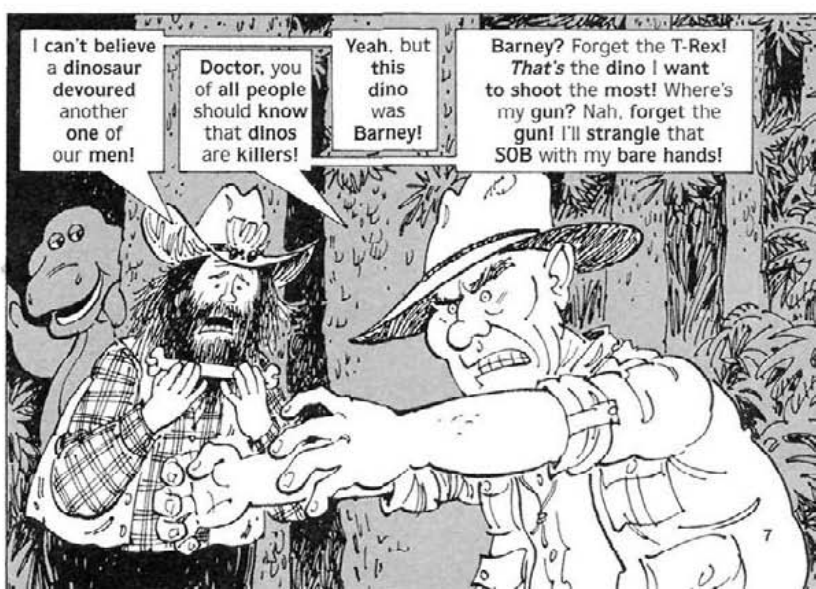
No, the dinosaurs are playing with me! I guess this is where I split! Bye!



Whaddya think, Laidlow? We caught our first four dinos — and they're all different!

Four dinos? I only see one!

Damn! We should have put them in separate cages! I forgot they're cannibals!

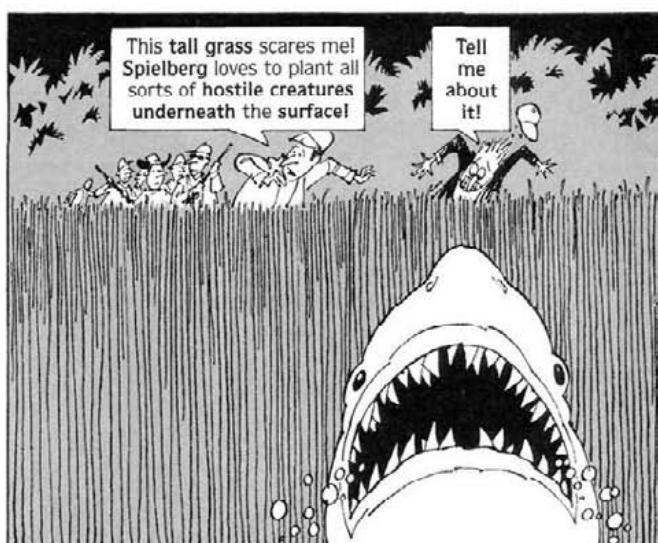
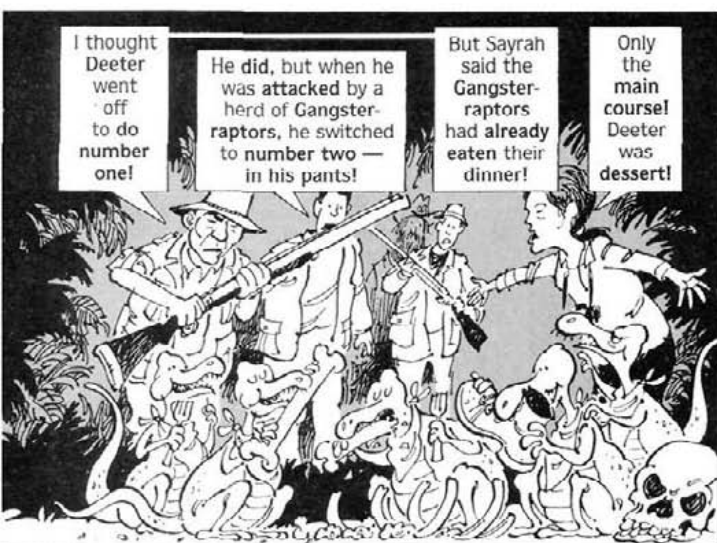


I can't believe a dinosaur devoured another one of our men!

Doctor, you of all people should know that dinos are killers!

Yeah, but this dino was Barney!

Barney? Forget the T-Rex! That's the dino I want to shoot the most! Where's my gun? Nah, forget the gun! I'll strangle that SOB with my bare hands!





That was incredible! You used your gymnastic skills and kicked that Giftwaptor into outer space! You saved me from being devoured! Did you learn that stunt in gymnastics school?

No, I learned that in film school! In most of Spielberg's movies the kid has to do something heroic! Kids save the day in *ET*, *Jurassic Park*, *The Goonies* and *Indiana Jones and the Temple of Doom*!

Guys, a helicopter is here to save us! I found them in the yellow pages under "Unbelievable Rescues"!



I have a big surprise for you members of the press! That ship coming toward us is carrying some very unusual cargo!

I have an even bigger surprise! That ship is heading for the dock at 70 knots!

It's the ship from *Speed 2*! It's going so fast, it crashed into the wrong movie!



That's a real dinosaur in our backyard!!!

I don't know why we bought a watchdog if he's going to let anything that wants to roam onto our property!

Wait until I get my hands on that dog!

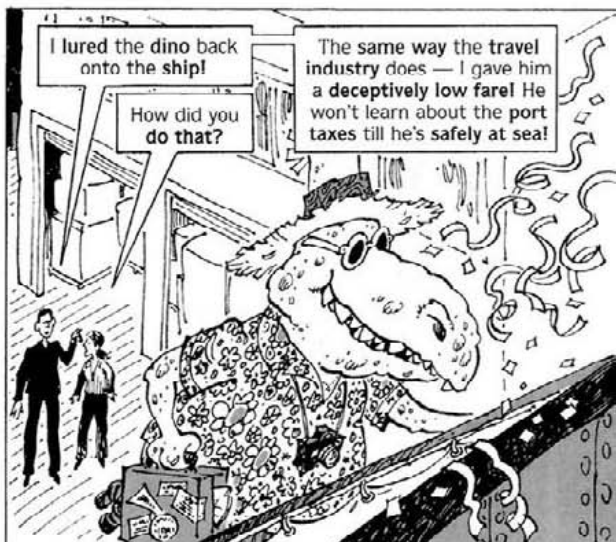
That'll be fun to watch — it's down the dinosaur's throat!



I lured the dino back onto the ship!

How did you do that?

The same way the travel industry does — I gave him a deceptively low fare! He won't learn about the port taxes till he's safely at sea!



Do you hear those screams? I think the dino broke free! He's eating the crew!

Relax! I booked the dino on a Carnival Cruise! Those are screams of delight! He's devouring Kathie Lee Gifford!



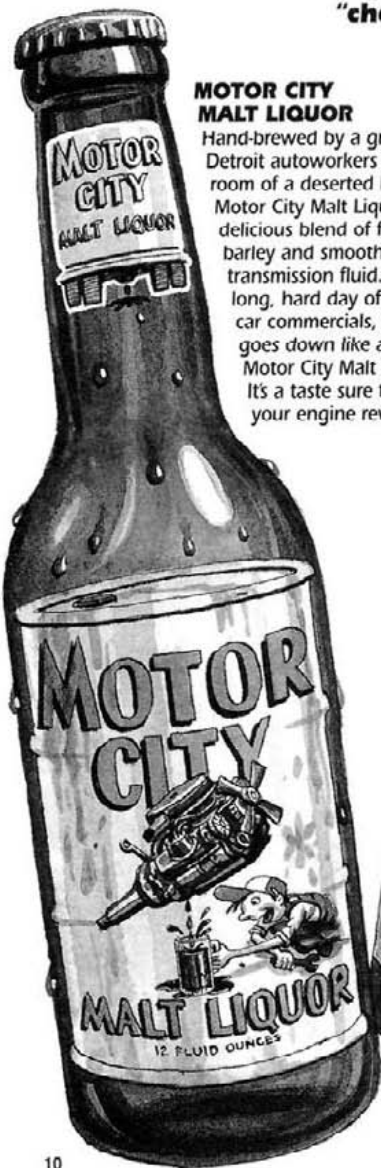
INTRODUCING  
THE MICROVALUE

# BEER OF-THE-MONTH CLUB

**Enroll now** and each month you'll receive a case of beer from some of America's premier lesser-known micro-breweries! These are special, sorta hand-crafted ales, pilsners and lagers you won't find on the shelves of your local convenience store or supermarket! (Thanks to those ballbusters at the FDA!) But our lawyers have found a legal loophole that lets us classify these premium beers as a "cheese food product" and send them directly to you!

## MOTOR CITY MALT LIQUOR

Hand-brewed by a group of laid-off Detroit autoworkers in the back room of a deserted body shop, Motor City Malt Liquor is a delicious blend of fine-roasted barley and smooth automatic transmission fluid. After a long, hard day of watching car commercials, nothing goes down like a cool Motor City Malt Liquor. It's a taste sure to get your engine revvin'!



## I CAN'T BELIEVE IT'S NOT BEER

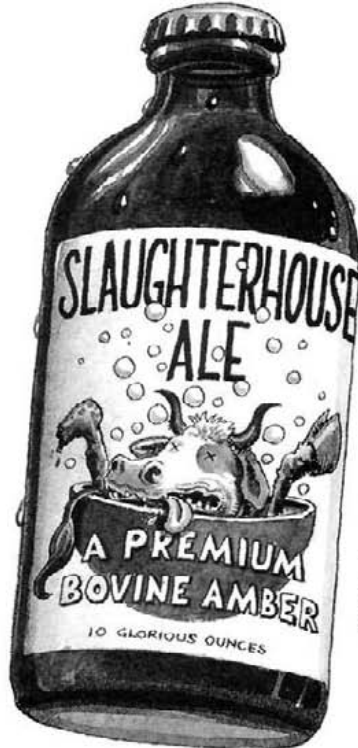
Tired of all those non-alcoholic beers leaving you flat? Then you'll love I Can't Believe It's Not Beer. Crafted in small batches by a select crew of recovering alcoholics, this rich lager has what other non-alcoholic beers don't — ALCOHOL! That's right, now you can sip a cold one in front of anyone from your meddling in-laws to your probation officer! When you're tired of spending good money on beers that leave you sober, come home to I Can't Believe It's Not Beer!

## DEVIL'S TRIANGLE DRAUGHT

After surviving on a life raft for several agonizing weeks, the remaining crew of the SS Bilge Pump bring the great taste of their experience right to your door! You'll love Devil's Triangle Draught — it's a salty brew that combines the tangy freshness of sea water and urine with the wholesome goodness of pelican blood! Drink just one six-pack and you're bound to drift far outside any shipping channels!







#### SLAUGHTERHOUSE ALE

Thirsty for a great beer? Hungry for a quick lunch? Have both! The boys over at the Smithville slaughterhouse have come up with a delicious way to use that great-tasting cattle blood, enzymes and other precious bovine fluids that used to go to waste! Drink a Slaughterhouse Ale and enjoy a delicious amber with all the nutrients and satisfaction of a juicy porterhouse steak! Coming soon: Stein O' Suet!



#### SULFUR SAM'S EGGY

From the volcanic hot springs of the Pacific Northwest comes a beer like no other - Sulfur Sam's Eggy! This ripe and aromatic pilsner is brewed using the mineral-rich sulfur water of Floating Deer Springs. If you long for a beer that will satisfy your cravings for chicken embryos, Eggy is for you! Sulfur Sam's Eggy - when you feel like drinking a deviled egg!

## WHAT YOU GET!

## THIS MONTH'S STUDENT SPECIAL

Meet Blotto, the fun-lovin', beer-swillin' cartoon bear! When Blotto gets thirsty, Blotto mauls a six-pack of Rad Ale! Blotto knows how much pressure homework can be -

Teachers are lame, but this beer is dope!\*

That's one phat bear! Each brightly-colored bottle comes with its own Blotto sticker - collect all 478!! If you're looking for totally rippin' after-school refreshment, then you'll want to get Rad Ale! And because this is a Microvalue Mail-Order Exclusive, you'll never have to worry about getting carded! Remember, as Blotto says...

Rad Ale puts the "high" in hibernation! Stay in school!

Not intended for sale to minors.



\*Beer contains no actual dope.

Microvalue delivers only the best nearly premium hand-crafted beers! When you join the MBOTMC, you'll be inundated with a nonstop flow of wonderful, convenient alcohol. Drink only what you like and pay just \$19.95 a month. If you're not completely satisfied, simply return unopened bottles along with a \$6.99 re-stocking charge (per bottle) to us. However, we're sure that when there's nothing else in the fridge you'll be happy to drink ours!

Yes! I'm tired of hassling with store clerks who ask for ID, bartenders who cut me off and nosy neighbors who always seem to be watching me when I leave the house! Sign me up today!

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_

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Blood Alcohol Level \_\_\_\_\_

Send check, money order or (best of all) cold, hard untraceable cash to:

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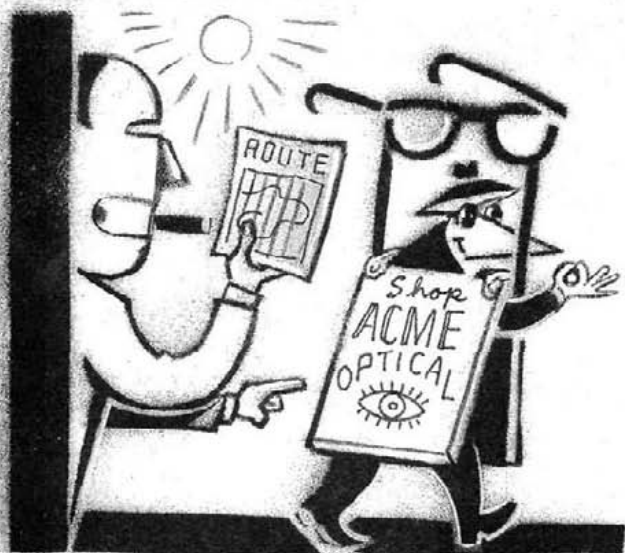
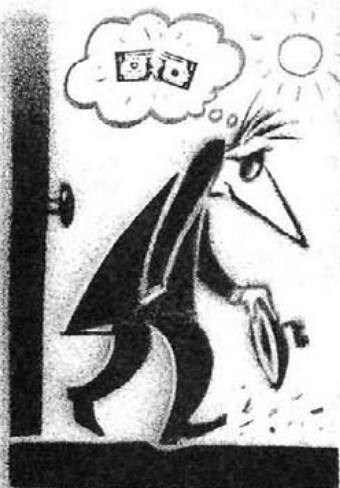


VS

S









For the last fifty years, when two world leaders wanted to discuss important diplomatic issues they flew half way around the world to some small Scandinavian country and met face to face. But it occurred to us that in the era of the Internet, the traditional summit meeting is costly and inefficient. Why, just think of the money they'd save on security, airfare, hookers and vodka...

# IF CLINTON AND YELTSIN Held THEIR SUMMITS IN A PRIVATE ONLINE CHAT ROOM



PrezBubba: (((((Boris))))))  
 DRUNKBORIS: (((((Bill))))))  
 PrezBubba: What's up?  
 DRUNKBORIS: nmh  
 DRUNKBORIS: How's the knee?  
 PrezBubba: They may have to amputate  
 PrezBubba: <---just kidding  
 DRUNKBORIS: lol  
 PrezBubba: BTW, are you going to join NATO or not?

DRUNKBORIS: no  
 PrezBubba: :(  
 PrezBubba: age/sex check  
 DRUNKBORIS: 66/m  
 PrezBubba: 51/m  
 PrezBubba: come on...join NATO  
 DRUNKBORIS: I WILL NOT JOIN NATO!!!  
 PrezBubba: k  
 PrezBubba: No need to yell  
 PrezBubba: What about arms reduction?  
 PrezBubba: well  
 PrezBubba: ?  
 PrezBubba: you there?  
 DRUNKBORIS: <---sorry  
 DRUNKBORIS: I got an IM from some borscht belt babe

PrezBubba: kewl  
 PrezBubba: was she looking for some cyber?  
 DRUNKBORIS: No...just complaining about the rampant unemployment! Asking ME to do something about it!

DRUNKBORIS: <g>  
 PrezBubba: LMAO  
 PrezBubba: So are you gonna lose the jukes?  
 DRUNKBORIS: jukes?  
 PrezBubba: oops...  
 PrezBubba: nukes  
 DRUNKBORIS: yeah, sure...why not. :)

PrezBubba: wtg, Boris!  
 DRUNKBORIS: (((((Bill))))))  
 PrezBubba: <---feels very diplomatic right now  
 DRUNKBORIS: o.k. are we done cuz i wanna go to The Best Lil Chathouse now  
 PrezBubba: guess so...I'm going to AskFemaleAnything  
 DRUNKBORIS: you're sick!  
 PrezBubba: ;)  
 DRUNKBORIS: anyway, cya  
 PrezBubba: peace, out







When you're a kid, no one piles the crap on you faster or higher than your old man. Part taskmaster and part dork, odds are your father is a never-ending source of misery and shame! On the other hand, your dad's brother, freed from the shackles of parental responsibility, is no doubt a really swell guy, as you'll see in . . .

# WHY UNCLES ARE BETTER THAN DADS



## GOING SHOPPING

I swear, I can't believe how much they get for a box of galvanized screws! Damned highway robbery is what it is!

Steer me over to the deli counter. I want to show you how to hide six pounds of cold cuts in your shorts!



## IN THE JOHN

DADS

I'm afraid my lactose intolerance is acting up again! I suggest if you boys need to do poopy, you use the other bathroom!



Hey, come in here and check this out! Those gummy bears I swallowed whole are back! It looks like The Care Bears in Hell in here!

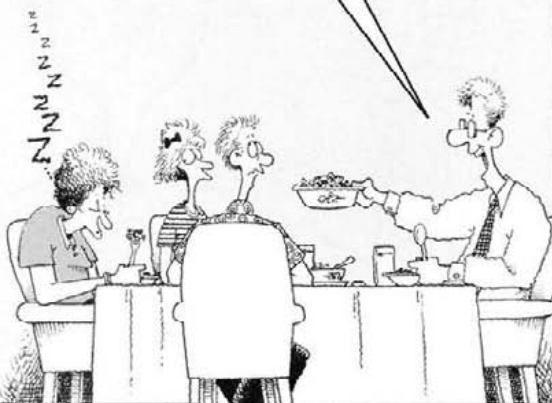


UNCLES

## DINNER CONVERSATION

DADS

And then Henderson tells the guy to assume an 8.25% fixed! Well, the guy's going mutual funds all the way! Have you ever heard anything so funny?



Come on! Don't tell me you didn't know your old man was a bedwetter! He was a regular Ol' Faithful! Am I right, Bob?!



UNCLES

## BIRTHDAYS

DADS

You'll enjoy this son, it's sensible clothing!



Don't tell your folks I gave this to you! It's a goat's tongue!



UNCLES



# FAMILY PHOTOS

DADS



UNZ-LES

# SCHOOL BULLIES

DADS



UNZ-LES

# FAMILY ENTERTAINMENT

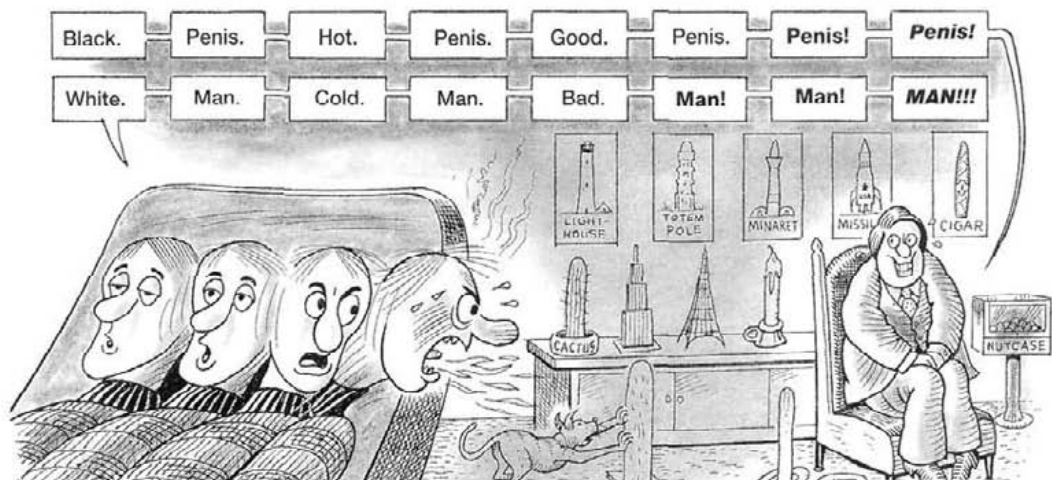
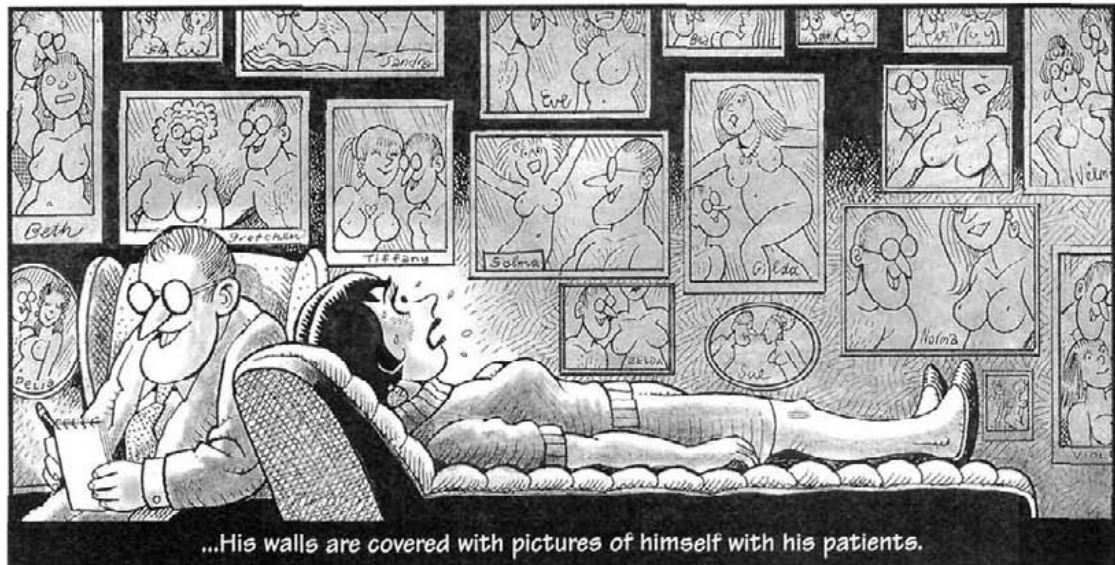
DADS



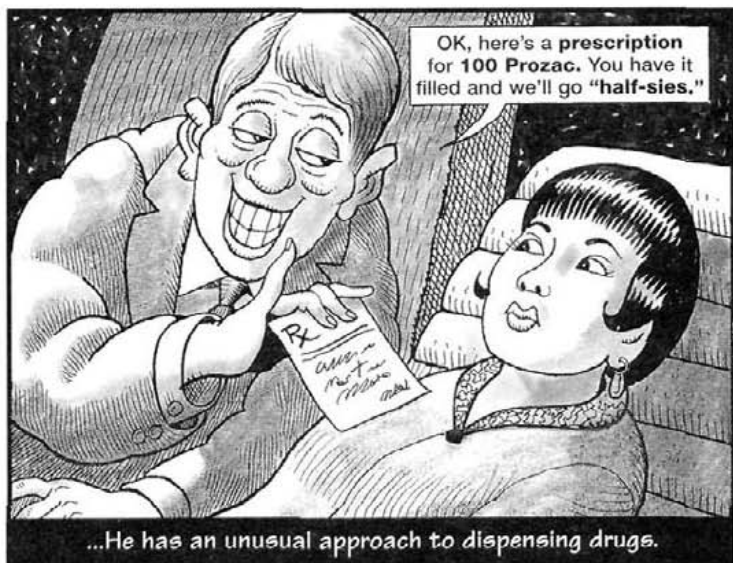
UNZ-LES



So, you've taken the first step toward mental healing by going into therapy. Too bad you probably put more thought into your last beer purchase than you did in selecting the person with whom you will share your most intimate (and perverted!) secrets! How do you know if they're qualified? How do you know if they're really helping you? How do you know if these overpaid hacks are even listening? **YOU DON'T!** But you should definitely...

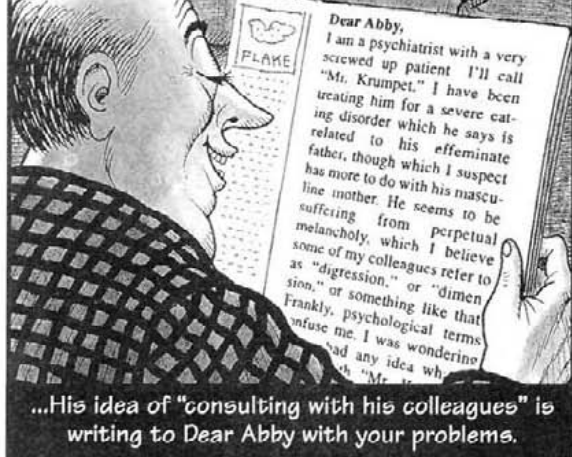


**GET A NEW  
PSYCHIATRIST  
IF...**





Mr. Krumpet, you'll be pleased to know I've gotten a second opinion on your **personality disorder!**



Dear Abby,  
I am a psychiatrist with a very screwed up patient I'll call "Mr. Krumpet." I have been treating him for a severe eating disorder which he says is related to his effeminate father, though which I suspect has more to do with his masculine mother. He seems to be suffering from perpetual melancholy, which I believe some of my colleagues refer to as "digression," or "dimen- sion," or something like that. Frankly, psychological terms confuse me. I was wondering if you had any idea what "Mr. Krumpet" is all about.

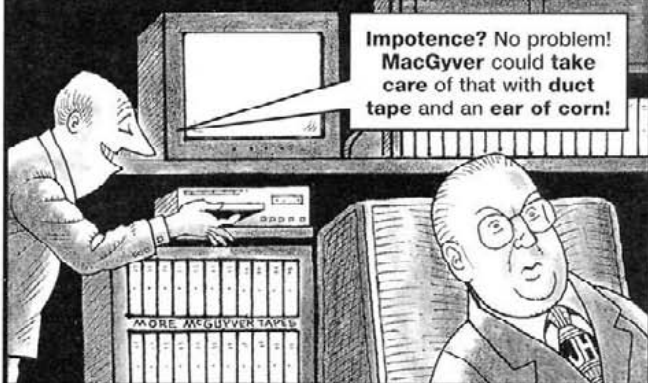
...His idea of "consulting with his colleagues" is writing to Dear Abby with your problems.

Tell me, Mr. Johnson, if I were to write a screenplay based on your bed wetting problem, would you go see the movie?



...He tends to ask inappropriate questions.

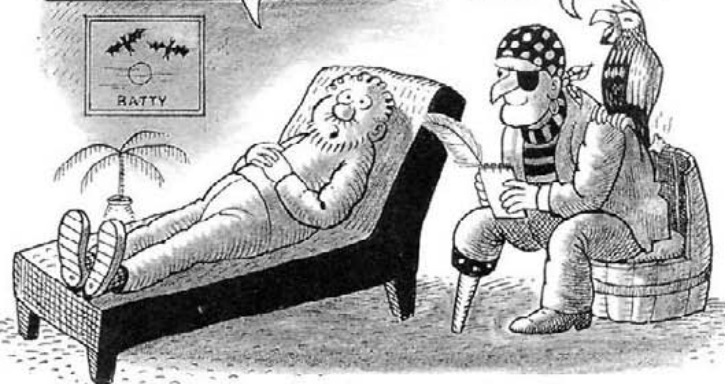
Impotence? No problem! MacGyver could take care of that with duct tape and an ear of corn!



...Somehow, every single discussion comes around to "How MacGyver would handle it."

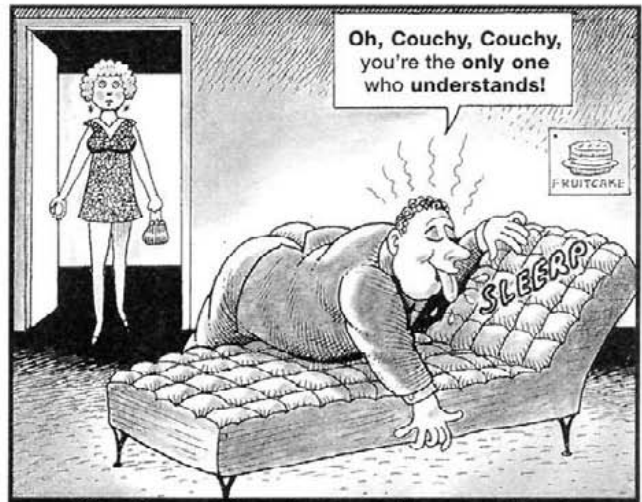
So what you're saying is that the next time my boss criticizes me in front of others I should say, "Arrrr! Ye'll soon be swappin' gobs with Davy Jones in the briny deep?"

That's right, schizo! Assertiveness training! Raawwwk!



...The eye patch and constant pirate lingo are starting to interfere with your treatment.

Oh, Couchy, Couchy, you're the only one who understands!



...You show up five minutes early one week and discover him slowly licking the leather couch.

# GET A NEW PSYCHIATRIST IF...

Go on, tell me more about your ambivalent relationship with Sonic the Hedgeh— um, I mean your parents.



...At a moment of personal breakthrough, you distinctly hear the beeping noise of a Gameboy.



...When you ask him if he thinks you might be suffering from penis envy, he says, "Boo-hoo, sister— join the club!"

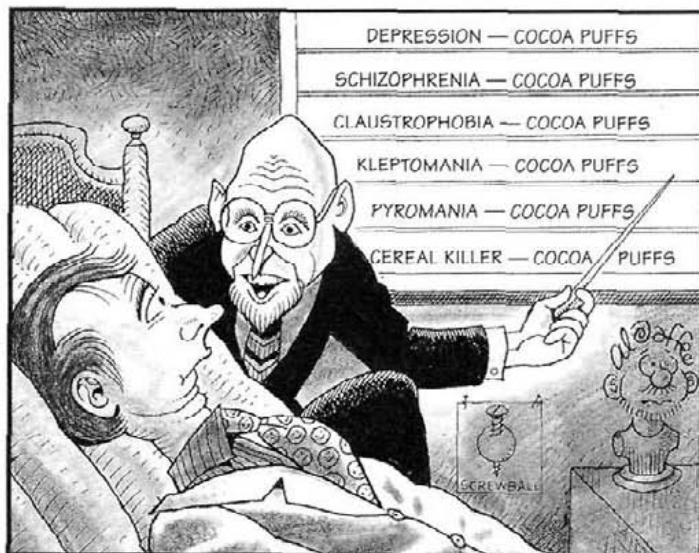


...When you ask his opinion about the Ritalin controversy, he says, "No way could he beat the Joker!"



I'll tell you what your inner child needs— this three room condo in the heart of Colorado's most famous ski resort!

...His version of Freud's revelatory technique involves curing patients by selling them fun-filled time-share vacations in Aspen.



...It just doesn't ring true that every one of your problems stems from your being "Cuckoo for Cocoa Puffs."





THE SCHMUCKS STOP HERE DEPT.

Hungry for knowledge? Well, you turned to the right page! They're back—MAD's own Didactic Duo in an all-new mind-expanding installment of...



# Melvin & Jenkins

## GUIDE TO HIGHER EDUCATION

**Jenkins**

greet his roommate's parents warmly on Orientation Day and offers them a chair.



**Melvin**

greet his roommate's parents warmly and offers them a hit off his bong.



**Jenkins**

devotes a huge amount of work to a scientific theory that flops, but he knows that understanding failure is perhaps the most valuable part of any person's education.



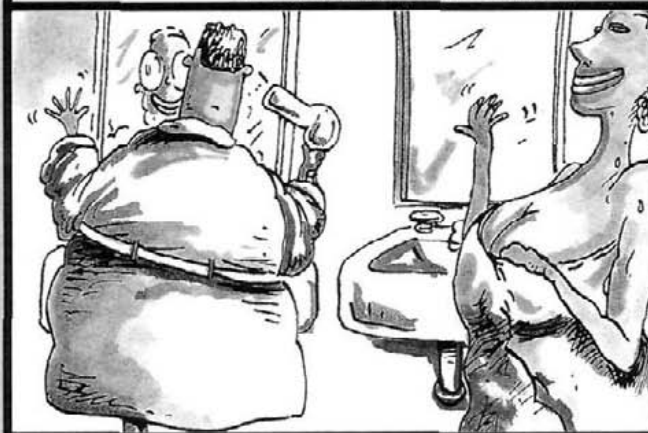
**Melvin**

blows three years of tuition on his pet theory, after charting the Powerball Lotto for two solid weeks and deciding 34, 44 and 8 were "due."



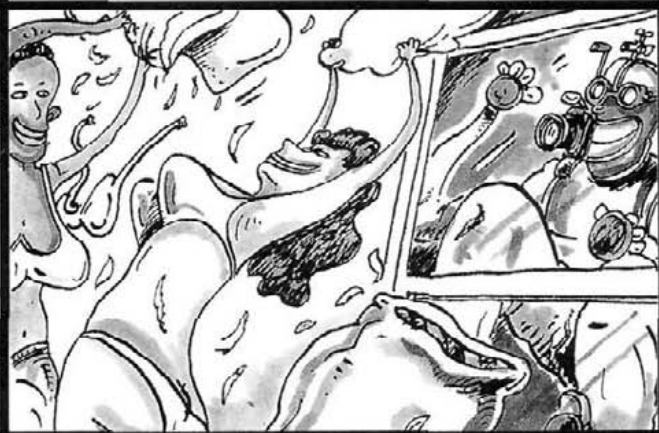
## Jenkins

likes living in the co-ed dorms, because he believes that society is moving towards bias-free interaction between the sexes.



## Melvin

spends his entire student loan on surveillance equipment, and never regrets a dime of it.



## Jenkins

spends countless hours in the library researching his thesis, "Give Me the Sun: Dual Pillars and Duality of Character in the Works of Henrik Ibsen."



## Melvin

watches a few GE commercials to produce "Mr. Electricity: Our Invisible Helper."



## Jenkins

spends so much extra time at the biology lab that they eventually make an extra key for his personal use.



## Melvin

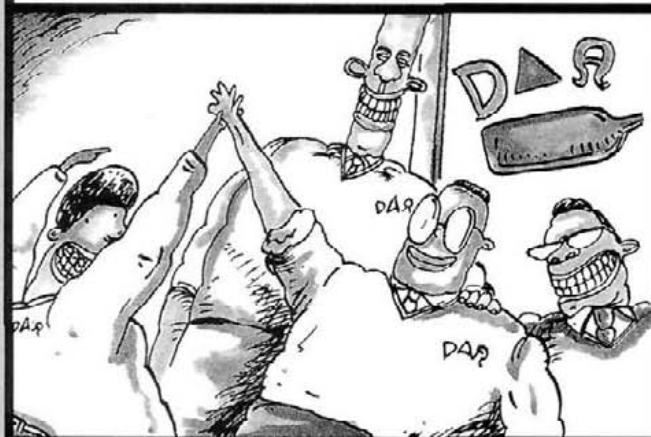
after one too many "incidents," is not permitted to leave the lab until they've counted all the hamsters.





## Jenkins

is number one among his fraternity brothers with a GPA of 4.0.



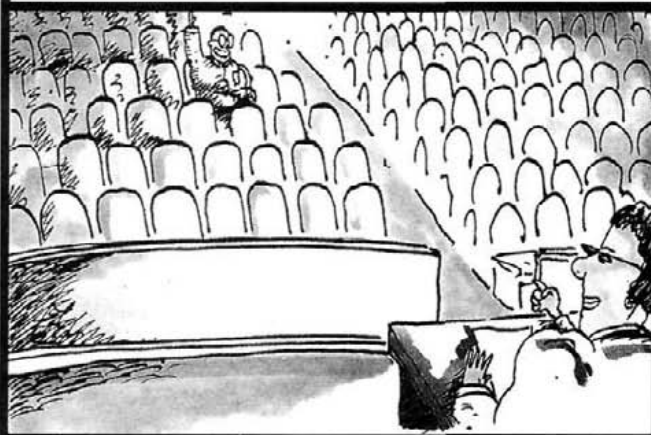
## Melvin

is number one among his fraternity brothers with a blood alcohol level of 4.8.



## Jenkins

stays behind after class has ended so he can go over the trickier points of the lecture with his professor.



## Melvin

lingers behind too, so he can huff the chalk erasers.



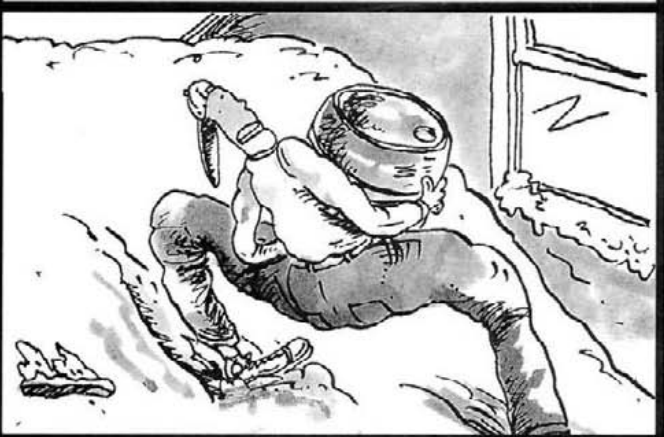
## Jenkins

has learned that it's practically impossible to know the nature of man without knowing one's self first.



## Melvin

has learned that it's practically impossible to walk a slanty roof in wintertime while carrying a full keg.





# The BALLAD of

Because you asked for it ...

ARTIST: GERRY GERSTEN

WRITER: FRANK JACOBS

**Y**ou can talk of Tricky Dick  
And of others just as slick,  
Who've impressed us with their double-talking skill;  
But for hushing up a scandal,  
Ain't no one can hold a candle  
To that Oval Office smoothie, Bubba Bill.

He learned fast in Arkansas  
How to zigzag 'round the law  
In the sixties when the draft he was evading;  
He made Hillary his wife,  
And she soon enriched his life  
With her shady hit-and-run insider trading.

It was Bill! Bill! Bill!  
Looking righteous while some buddy robbed the till;  
But by cleverly concealing  
All his shifty wheeling-dealing,  
He soon made it to the top did Bubba Bill.

**S**ure, he's beat the rap so far  
By stonewalling Kenneth Starr,  
But his sleazy past we can't be disregarding,  
Once he's forced to cop a plea,  
Most historians agree  
He'll be ranking right up there with Warren Harding.

All it takes is some persuasion  
If you're filthy rich and Asian,  
And he'll grant you special favors left and right;  
Just help out the DNC  
And results he'll guarantee,  
Plus you'll get the Lincoln Bedroom for the night.

Yep, it's Bill! Bill! Bill!  
It's a wonder that he's hanging in there still;  
But he slithers out of trouble,  
Paying off his pal, Web Hubbell,  
Ain't no scandal rubbing off on Bubba Bill.



**N**ow you may have heard perchance  
He can't keep it in his pants,  
That his bimbo list is thick as a thesaurus;  
When you have exalted status,  
You can always get it gratis,  
'Stead of paying high-priced hookers like Dick Morris.

When you hear that Paula Jones  
Claims he lusted for her bones,  
You can bet her accusations he'll deny;  
We should take him at his word,  
That her charges are absurd;  
Hey, we ask you—would a politician lie?

Yep, it's Bill! Bill! Bill!  
Will he bed another floozie for a thrill?  
'Course, it's only fair to state  
What with Hillary his mate,  
Any one-night stand will do for Bubba Bill.



# BUBBA BILL

(with a tip of the hat – and apologies – to Rudy "Gunga Din" Kipling)



**M**ost believed the ballyhoo  
When he ran in '92,  
Standing up for people's freedom ev'rywhere;  
Now he flip-flops in the breeze,  
Sucking up to the Chinese –  
As for human rights, well, heck, that's their affair.

Hear him promising more cops  
(Always good for photo ops)  
When he's speaking out real strong for law and order;  
Then he'll waffle, don't you know,  
And he'll sweet-talk Mexico  
While those drugs keep pouring in across the border.

Yep it's Bill! Bill! Bill!  
As those prosecutors move in for the kill;  
But he's shift to the max  
And he covers up his tracks,  
And it's tough to get the goods on Bubba Bill.

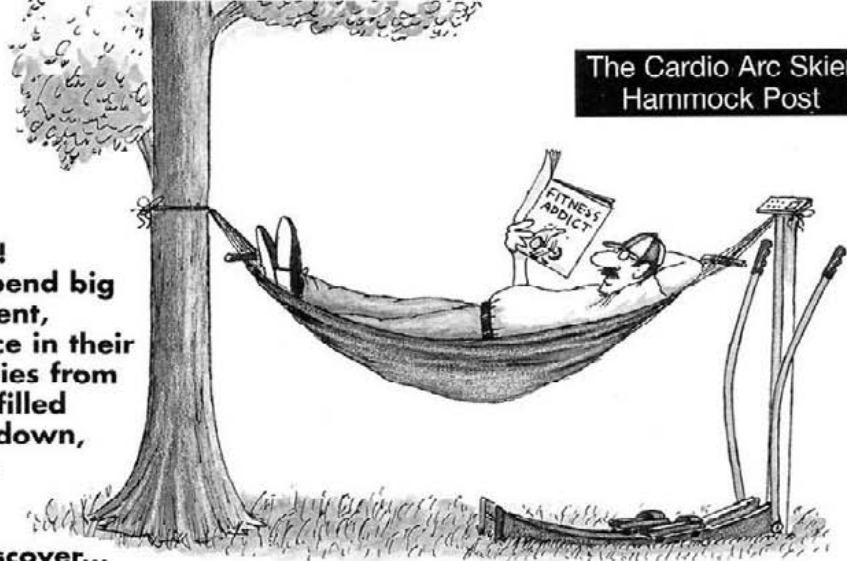
**J**ohnny Huang and Travelgate –  
Sleazy deals in real estate –  
Seems another scandal's breaking almost daily;  
White House cronies into crime –  
Both McDougals doing time –  
Guess it's time to get in touch with F. Lee Bailey.

How'd he ever get this way?  
Should we check his DNA  
For some chromosome that should be there but's not?  
Makes no difference what's the cause;  
There's a trail of broken laws,  
And those "can't remember" answers don't mean squat!

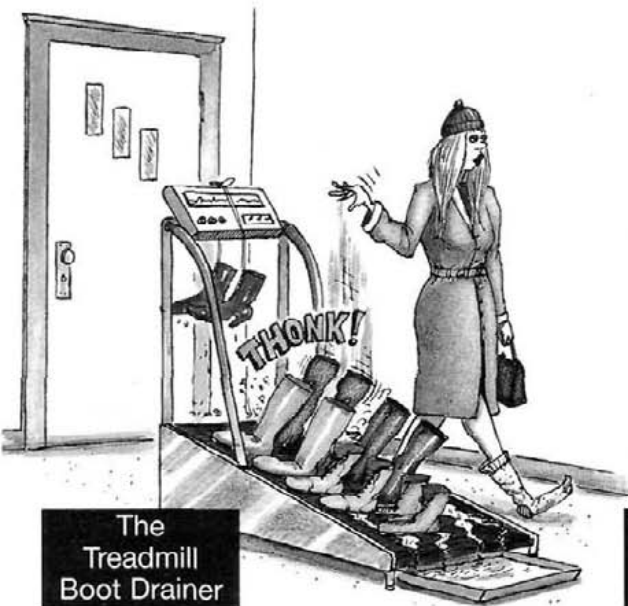
Yep, it's Bill! Bill! Bill!  
Waking up to find the country's had its fill;  
Soon he'll make his farewell speech  
(Can you say the word "impeach"?)  
And at last we'll all be rid of Bubba Bill.



America is obsessed with physical fitness: workout videos, health clubs, personal trainers and the biggest scam of all, home exercise machines! Millions of gullible schmucks spend big bucks on sophisticated equipment, convinced that its mere presence in their homes will transform their bodies from obese, blubber-laden, cellulite-filled bags of excess fat to trimmed-down, pumped up, perfectly sculpted, irresistible things of beauty! Unfortunately, they're in for a rude awakening when they discover...



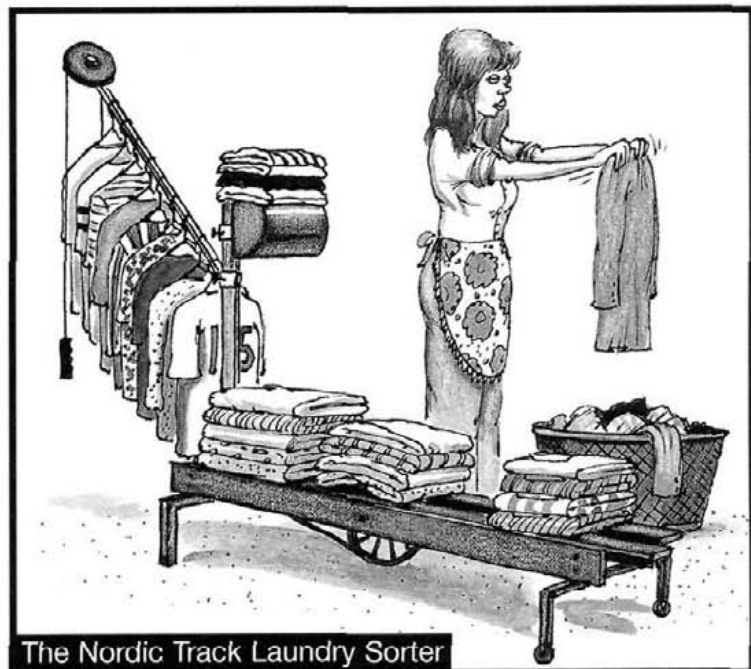
# What Exercise REALLY U



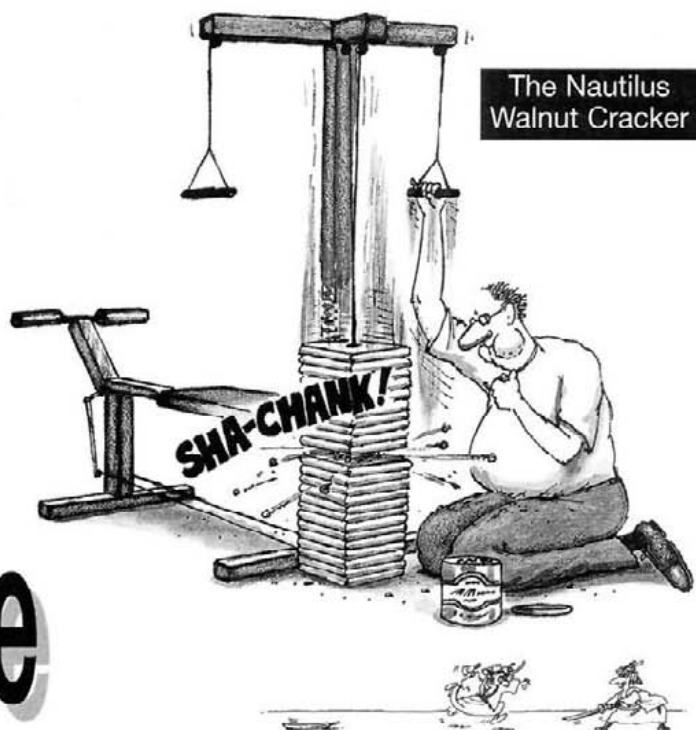
The Treadmill Boot Drainer



The Thigh-Burner Painting Easel



The Nordic Track Laundry Sorter



# Machines Are SED FOR

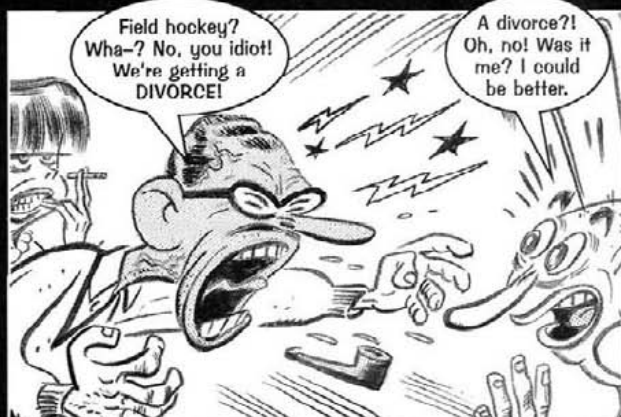
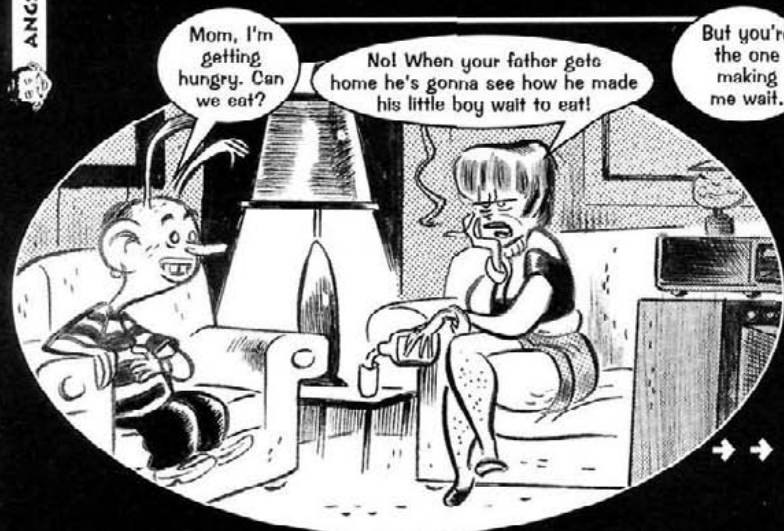
The Soloflex  
TV/Video Stand





# MONROE & ♦♦♦

Ah, sweet divorce. The time in every child's life to learn that Aunt Sherry



# THE DIVORCE

isn't really dad's sister and mom isn't really spending those weekends in the National Guard!





Check this out!  
You get these step moms and dads  
who try to buy you off like crazy! You just  
keep on with the, "You're not my daddy" noise.  
Drives 'em nuts! And get this! Sometimes  
they've got hot daughters!

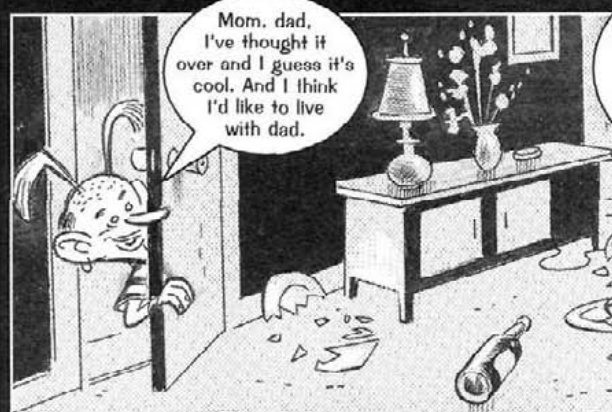


I'm listening.  
\*Cough, cough!\*

Totally  
unblood relatives.  
Do that Brady Bop,  
ya know?



Whoa!



Mom, dad,  
I've thought it  
over and I guess it's  
cool. And I think  
I'd like to live  
with dad.

With  
me?! Now  
hold on  
here! I'm not  
getting stuck  
with you!

You listen  
to me! You'll  
live with me and  
like it, you un-  
grateful little putz!  
I'm the one that had  
that damn episiotomy  
for you! You'll see  
your father on  
Sundays, which  
is more than  
you see him  
now!

Dad,  
would you  
have an  
episiotomy  
for me?



Sure,  
sure, kid. But  
not now! I've  
got some  
packin'  
to do!



B.P.1  
Wray





# THE LIGHTER SIDE OF...



## SPORTS

Your Honor, I wish to make an **objection!** This is definitely **NOT** a jury of my peers! There isn't one crooked, lying, low-life criminal in the bunch!



ARTIST AND WRITER: DAVE BERG

Now listen up good! I will not tolerate temper tantrums, screaming at the referee or trying to tell the coaches how to play the game! You guys got that?

Yeah, Coach!



Good! Now go out there and tell it to your fathers!



## RELATIONSHIPS

For God's sake Carol, stop frowning and put a smile on your face!

Give me one good reason!



My ex-wife is coming towards us!



## ADVANCEMENT



## LANGUAGE



## THERAPY



## CARS



## MAKING OUT

No, they won the lottery and quit!

If I put my arms around you and kissed you, would you call for help?

Why?

Do you need help?

## COMMUNICATION

You should be talking to this guy lying here next to me! Talk about problems, he thinks he's invisible!

Your phone company is impossible! I can't depend on you people for any kind of consistent service!

That's not quite correct, sir!

You get your bill regularly and on time each month!

COMPLAINT DEPARTMENT

## CRISIS

Sir, we have a very serious problem!

We're running out of "Next Windows"!

xt →  
ndow

Next →  
Window

Next →  
Window

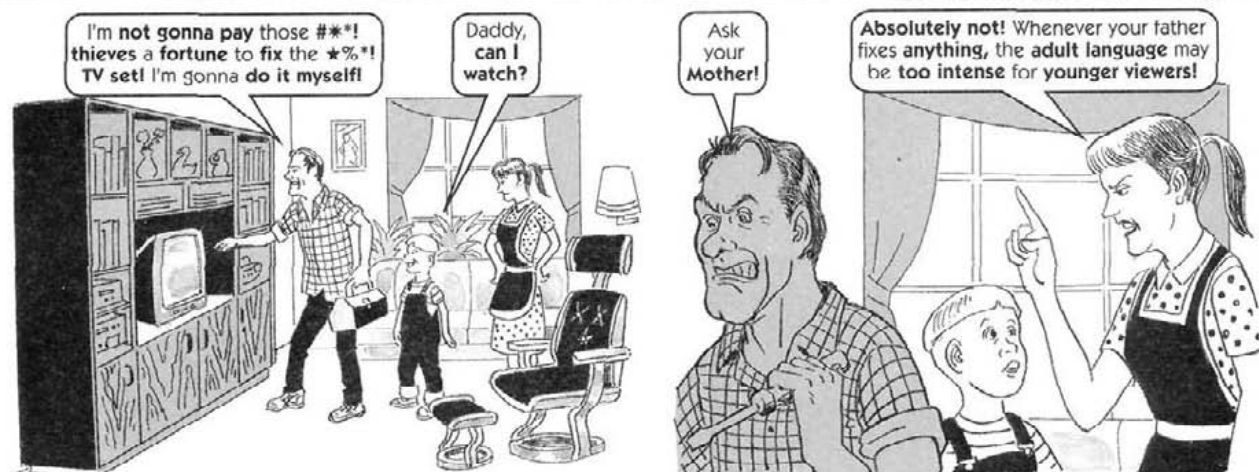
Next →  
Window



## THE OFFICE



## REPAIRS



## DOCTORS



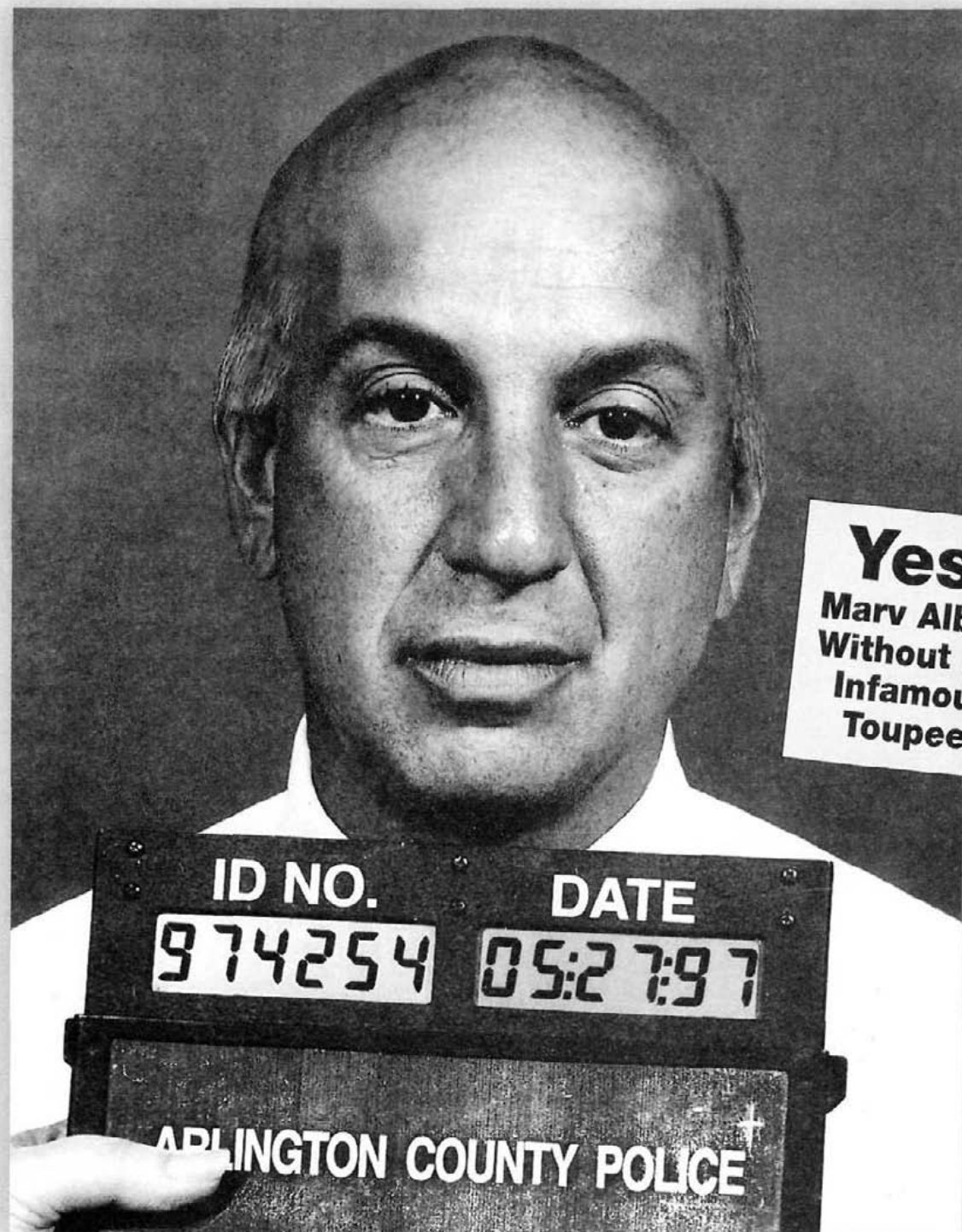
## GIFTS





PULLING THE RUG OUT FROM OVER HIM DEPT.

# THE MUG SHOT EVERYONE WANTED TO SEE BUT DIDN'T...



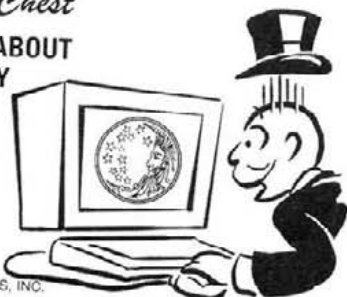
**Yes!**  
Marv Albert  
Without His  
Infamous  
Toupee!

### Community Chest

**FALSE RUMOR ABOUT  
YOUR COMPANY  
SUPPORTING  
SATANISM  
HITS INTERNET**

**Lose \$550 Million**

© 1997 POKER BROTHERS, INC.



### Chance



**Pay \$250,000**

© 1997 POKER BROTHERS, INC.

### Chance

**TOP EXECUTIVE  
TERMINATED AFTER  
10 MONTHS**

**Pay Golden Parachute  
Compensation Package  
of \$75 Million**

© 1997 POKER BROTHERS, INC.

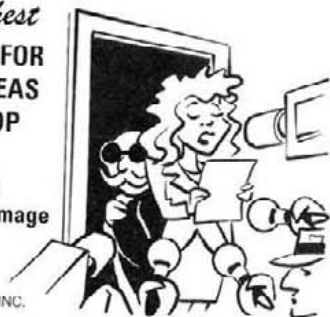


### Community Chest

**COMPANY CITED FOR  
RUNNING OVERSEAS  
CHILD SWEATSHOP**

**Hire P.R. Firm to Spin  
Story and Control Damage  
Pay \$20 Million**

© 1997 POKER BROTHERS, INC.



### Chance

**HIRE NBA STAR  
TO ENDORSE  
YOUR SHODDY  
PRODUCT**

**Pay \$18 Million**

© 1997 POKER BROTHERS, INC.



### Community Chest

**EXPAND INTO  
SMALL TOWN AND  
DRIVE MOM & POP  
STORES OUT  
OF BUSINESS**

**Collect \$50 Million**



### CHAIRMAN OF THE BOARD GAME DEPT.

What is the deal with Monopoly? How can it still be the best selling board game in the world when it's become so dated that it has absolutely nothing to do with the way the

# MONOPO

## That Reflect The Way Bus



### Chance

**FRIVOLOUS LAWSUIT  
FILED AGAINST  
COMPANY**

**Pay \$7 Million  
in Out-of-Court  
Settlement**

© 1997 POKER BROTHERS, INC.





**Community Chest**  
NAFTA SIGNING  
ALLOWS YOU TO CLOSE  
U.S. FACTORY AND  
MOVE IT TO MEXICO

Collect \$49 Million  
Additional Profits

© 1997 PORKER BROTHERS, INC.



**Chance**

THREATEN TO  
MOVE COMPANY  
OUT OF CITY

Collect \$9 Million  
in Tax Breaks

© 1997 PORKER BROTHERS, INC.



slimeball corporate fat cats of America conduct business today? Isn't it about time Parker Brothers woke up and redesigned this thing? Ah, why wait for them? Here's MAD's...

# LY CARDS

*Business Is REALLY Done Today*

ARTIST: SAM VIVIANO

WRITER: J. PRETE



**Community Chest**

OPEN FLASHY WEBSITE  
ON INTERNET  
TO PROMOTE  
YOUR PRODUCTS

Lose \$1 Million

© 1997 PORKER BROTHERS, INC.



**Chance**



BUST UNION AND  
HIRE SCABS AT  
HALF THE SALARY

Collect \$35 Million  
in Additional  
Profits

© 1997 PORKER BROTHERS, INC.

**Community Chest**

ANNOUNCE  
MASSIVE  
LAYOFFS IN  
DOWNSIZING MOVE

Stock Price Soars  
Collect \$70 Million  
Bonus

© 1997 PORKER BROTHERS, INC.



**Community Chest**

TURN  
INFORMER  
IN INSIDER  
TRADING  
CASE

Get Out of Jail Free

© 1997 PORKER BROTHERS, INC.



**Chance**

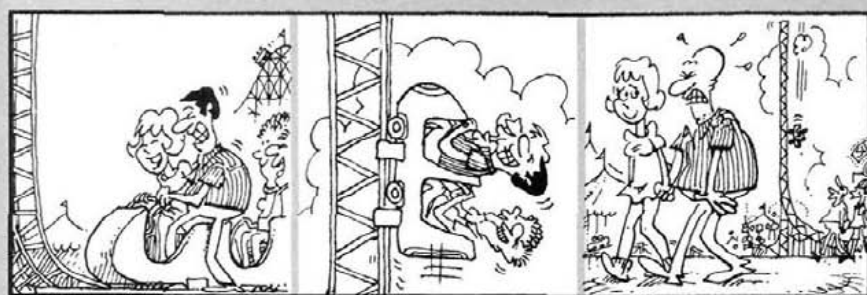
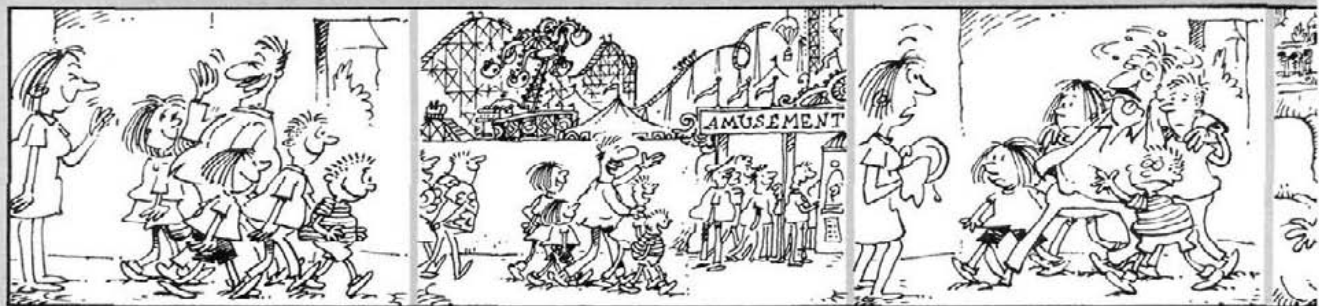
TV NEWS SHOW EXPOSES  
CRIMINAL ACTIVITY IN  
YOUR COMPANY

Sue for Invasion  
of Privacy  
Collect \$7 Million

© 1997 PORKER BROTHERS, INC.

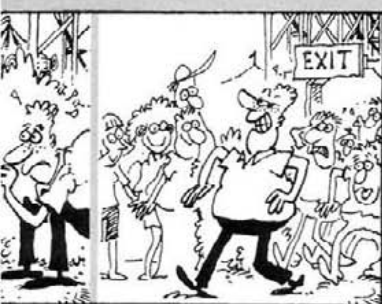


# A MAD LOOK AT AN

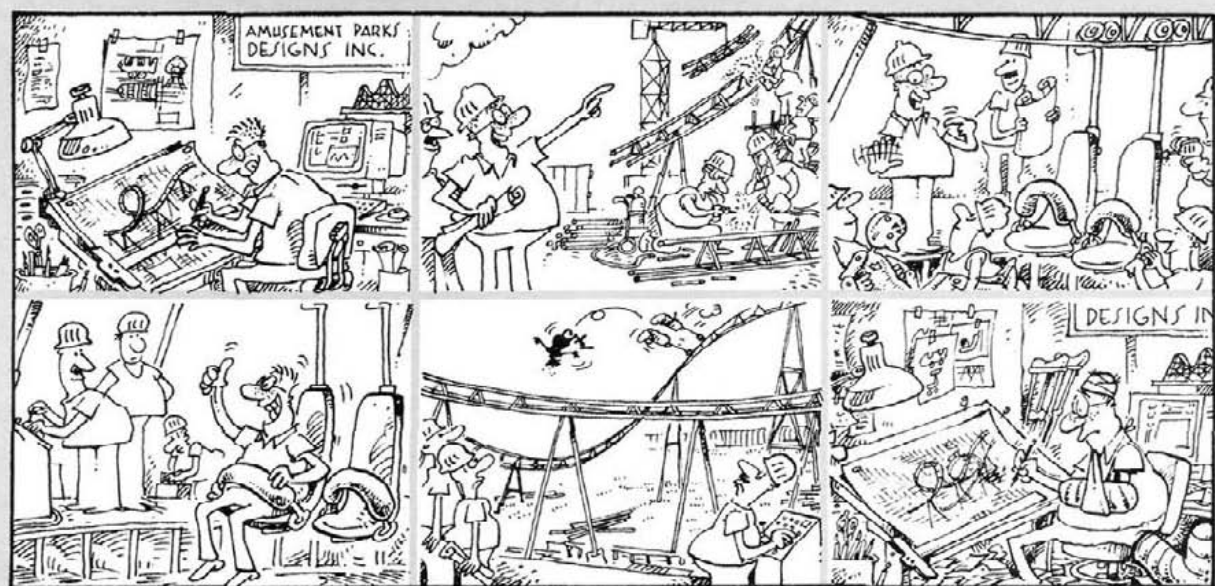
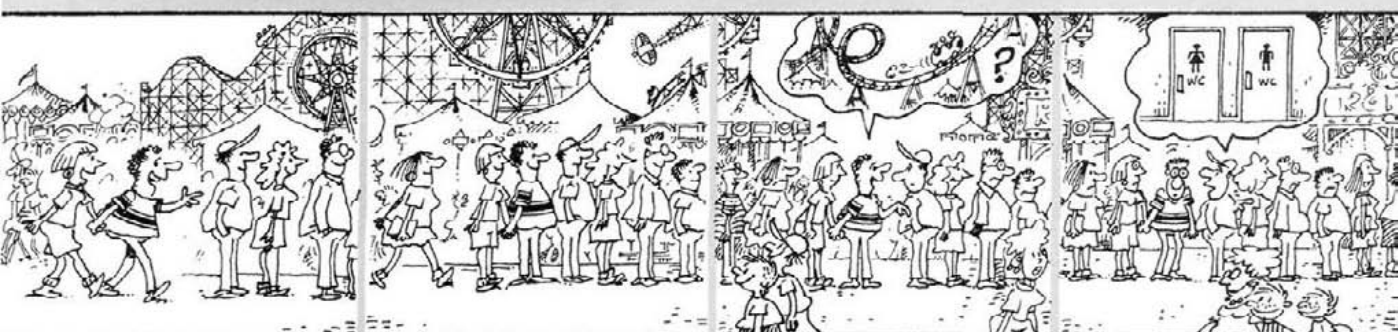
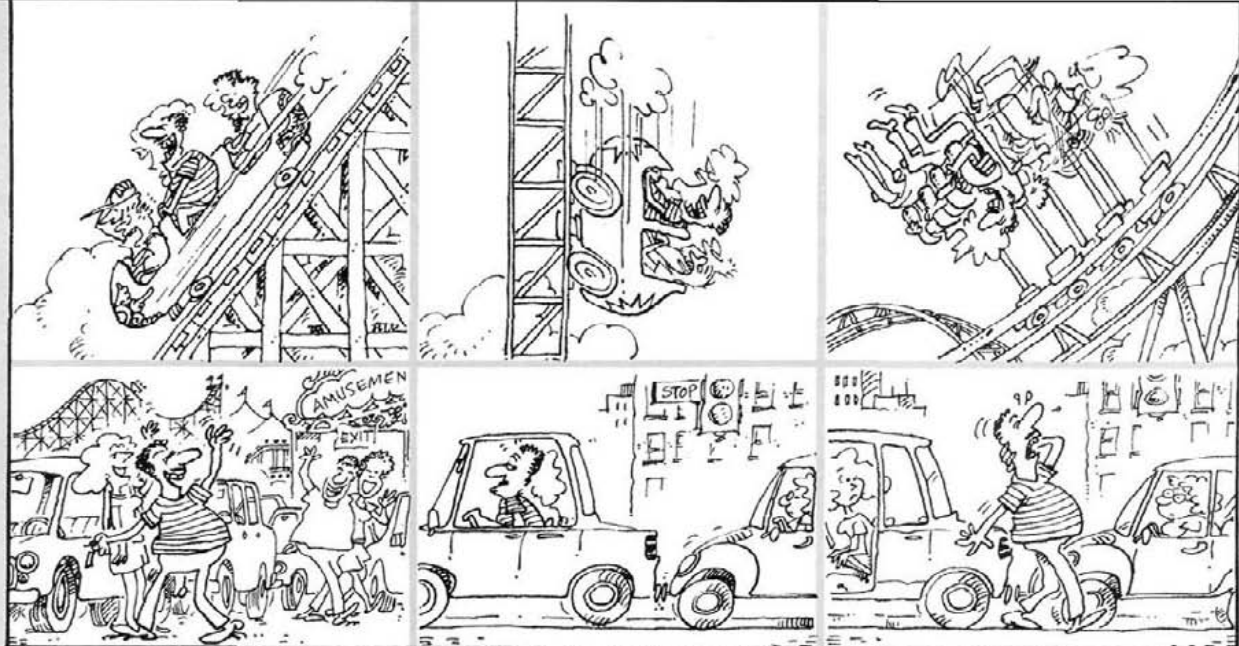


# AMUSEMENT PARKS

ARTIST AND WRITER: SERGIO ARAGONES









Editor's Note: William "The Gofer" Gaylord joined the Calamari Crime Family as Capo Di Tutti Interni or "Intern of Interns." During his three months as a Mafioso summer intern, William witnessed events and lived through adventures that no typical summer intern ever experienced. In a publishing coup, MAD has obtained the diary that Gaylord kept during that fun-filled time. Originally scribbled on the back of soiled napkins, brown paper dropoff bags and bloodstained towels, the editors can't guarantee 100% accuracy for the following presentation. If this sounds like a cowardly, contrived copout, you're damn right!

# BLOOD, HONOR & THREE CREDITS

My Internship With  
The Calamari Crime Family

A Diary With Pictures By William "The Gofer" Gaylord

June 18 First Day!

My Mafia internship began this morning with a swearing in ceremony at the Calamari Social Club in Brooklyn. Tony "Lazy Eye" Rigatoni, who is in charge of both the Rigatoni, who is in charge of both the interns and the temps, says to me: "Give me your pointing finger." "Lazy Eye" needed a couple of chances before he was able to prick the correct finger and draw blood. He then says, "Look straight into my eyes and swear your allegiance on pain of death." Between trying to achieve the "eyes" part and the frightening finality of his words, both my tear ducts and bladder discharged their contents.

Tony places a pinkie ring onto the table. He then declares, "William Gaylord, from hence on forward to be known as 'The Gofer,' you shall wear this pinkie ring with pride. Congratulations—now go fetch me a glass of chianti. With all your bleeding and crying and pants wetting, I need a drink!"

I later learned that before me, that same pinkie ring belonged to intern Tommy "The Paper Clip" Pinochiaro. He was killed the previous summer because he left someone called "The Red Spine" on hold too long. Something to remember!



My first day as Mafia Intern! Notice my cool blue blazer, pinkie ring and name tag that reads: INTERN! Try not to notice my stained khaki slacks!

# BLOOD, HONOR & THREE CREDITS

My Internship  
With The Calamari  
Crime Family

## June 24 It's Already Hectic!

Today I had a very busy day! In the morning I edited extortion notices until my eyes were blurry. Later in the afternoon I stayed busy by xeroxing death threats until my hands were aching. So much work to do! And to think that I'm doing it all for free!

June 28 My First Major Assignment!

Jimmy "Phlegm" Fettucini decided today that I would perform the infamous "Kiss of Death" on Ricky "Canker Sore" Capellini. So, impressing the gangsters who stood by and merely watched, I walked straight up to Ricky, kissed him on the lips and declared, "You have just received the kiss of death!" I hope Don Calamari doesn't mind that when I went out to pick up his dry cleaning I also stopped at the drugstore to get myself some Blistex.



Here's a picture of the snack room inside the Calamari club.  
The "People To Shoot Today" chalkboard was my idea!

## June 29 My Second Major Assignment!

I am so lucky to be in an organization where I am given major responsibilities to perform!

Like this afternoon, I was told that a spectacular bank robbery would be going down soon! As the intern for the Family, I was given the task of renting the getaway car for as little money as possible! After three hours of haggling, I was able to negotiate for a four-door sedan with a huge trunk for machine guns, bags of stolen money and potential hostages. Best of all it was a smoke-free car!  
Success!

## July 6 Whistle While You Work!

Another busy day! In the morning I spent many hours polishing the Family's guns and waxing the Family's knives! There's going to be a gang war later this weekend and I felt that it might be appropriate if our Family projected a nice, clean image for the public to witness!

Appearances do count!

## July 15 Another Clever Idea!

Mixed cement by hand this afternoon after the gigantic mixer broke down (a body got wedged between the blades). Later went to the market and bought dead fish to be sent to the Family's enemies. The first batch of fish quickly went bad and started to stink, so I returned and bought frozen fish sticks. Finding frozen fish sticks on your doorstep probably isn't as scary as finding a fresh fish, but who would complain?



Here I am applying makeup to Sal "The Rug" Fusilli for his appearance before a police lineup. The "I Didn't Do It" T-shirt was my idea!



July 24 This Job Is Neat!

I'm starting to gain a reputation for my intelligence! Today I stood in the corner of the club and held up cue cards with quotes from popular gangster movies printed on them. Because of this, no one in the Family will ever be at a loss for something interesting to say.



Me next to Nunzio "The Mouth" Puttanesca as he was about to be driven to some New Jersey swampland. Just moments before I held up a cue card with "Tell Don Calamari it wasn't personal - only business" written on it.

August 1 I Make A New Friend!

Guido "The Putz" Scungilli came up to me this morning and asked if he could change his name to Guido "The Winner" Scungilli. After searching through the database of nicknames I had set up on the computer, I discovered there was already a "Winner," but that plenty of other nicknames were still available, such as "The Charming," "The Attractive" and "The Cunning" to name a few. Guido ultimately chose "The Attractive" and, after changing his name tag accordingly, now struts around the city with a more upbeat attitude.



August 4 Play Ball!

I was just put in charge of organizing the Calamari Family softball team! I couldn't find anyone to play, but I did manage to locate hundreds of baseball bats and enough T-shirts, most with bullet holes, to go around.



At the Calamari Family Picnic. I'm the one covering the license plates of the visiting cars to prevent photos being taken to establish who attended. Luca "Fazool" Fagioli got a kick out of my covering the plates of an F.B.I. car, too! "This kid kills me," he said. To which Marv "Brains" Turetsky, the Family accountant replied, "Careful, Luca. It just might happen." Everyone roared! Chalk up another Brownie Point for yours truly!

August 12 Goodbye Tony!

Some sad news today: Tony "Lazy Eye" Rigatoni was killed after he inadvertently stared down the Godfather. The poor guy didn't even see it coming!

I was told to dispose of his body by leaving it in the trunk of a rented car. The Godfather was pleased I saved money by getting a compact, and when I told him that this one was a smoker's rental to help cover the stench of the decay-ing body, he laughed! "This little strunz is all right," he said. I've learned that praise like this isn't easily come by from him! It was the proudest moment of my life!



# BLOOD, HONOR & THREE CREDITS

My Internship  
With The Calamari  
Crime Family

August 17 Busy, Busy, Busy!

I'm exhausted! All morning I kept busy by entering ransom notes, collection schedules and other business matters into the computer. When I finished, I was ordered to blow up the computer to destroy all the evidence. Sometimes I don't understand Family logic. But as the Godfather explained to me, "Mine is not to question why, mine is just to do and fuhgeddaboutit!"

August 21 A Business Opportunity!

With the internship quickly coming to an end, I find myself searching for meaningful things to do. Yesterday, I stood on the sidewalk and sold people phony memberships into the Mafia (complete with a fake certificate and an imitation mug shot). The tourists were eating them up until Angie "The Frog" Zucchini realized there was a buck to be made and offered to buy me out for a slice of pizza. I told him no. He then said, "'Lazy Eye' has been asking about you visiting him soon, if you know what I mean!" The pizza was delicious.



My last day as a Mafia Intern. I'm standing next to Matty "The Professor" Prosciutto. Matty later "suggested" to the dean of my university that I deserved school credit for my internship. It was an offer the dean couldn't refuse. In fact, he threw in three extra credits for "life — and death — experiences."

August 28 Last Day!

The Family threw a huge farewell party for me this afternoon! Charlie "Rough Stuff" Parmesan handed me the recommendation that I had previously asked him to write, but he did so by cutting thousands of individual words from the newspaper and then pasting them onto a piece of cardboard. He later told me that he didn't want to be held accountable.

The Family then led me to the back door and mentioned that they looked forward to seeing me again in the future, but "not in court, or else." I waved good-bye, as did everyone else, including Jimmy "One Finger" Spedini, who was either very sad to see me go, or very happy to give me the finger!

What a summer!

William "The Gofor" Gaylord



Is it just us or are the standards for qualifying as human just a tad lower at game rooms? You look around and what do you see? Geeks, dweebs and pinheads walking from game to game with a fistful of quarters pretending they have a life! Yes, and every one of these pathetic losers has their place in MAD's gallery of...



# Video Arcade Personalities

VOLUME I



ARTIST: TOM BUNK

WRITER: SEAN EISENPORTH

Aww shoot! *Virtua Fighter* is a game for little dinks! Why, I was gettin' my name on the scoreboard of *Space Invaders* when you losers were peeing in yer Pampers!



## THE VETERAN

Yeah yeah, The Veteran may have been a big shooter back in the ancient times of *Space Invaders* and *Asteroids*, but those days are long gone. Even so, that doesn't stop this legendary-blowhard/has-been from clinging desperately to his past and blabbering on about how cool he was back in 1981. Memo to The Veteran: No one gives a rat's ass!



# Video Arcade Personalities

## MR. NO-FRIENDS

Sure, you have to feel sorry for the guy, but whatever you do, don't make eye contact with Mr. No-Friends! If he starts yakking at you anyway, the best course of action is to just pretend you're deaf, because if you acknowledge him even once, he will stick to you like HERPES!



## THE GAME HOG

Not even a lengthy line-up of pissed-off homeboys can deter The Game Hog from monopolizing the hot, new game at the arcade. He continues to feed an endless supply of quarters into the slot, blissfully unaware of the hostility brewing behind his back. This explains why many Game Hogs never live to see their 21st birthday!

## THE SUPER DADDY

He loves his kids — so much, in fact, that he takes them everywhere — even to the arcade! The Super Daddy does this because he's deeply committed to his child's personal growth and emotional development. That's why he sticks Junior between two video games for several hours — because it builds character!!



## THE SCAVENGER

This pathetic loser carefully and systematically checks each and every machine coin return slot in a desperate search for unclaimed quarters. His ultimate gratification comes, however, when he finds a scoreboard where someone hasn't inserted their name. The Scavenger, of course, still lives at home with his parents!

**COMING SOON...VOLUME II!**



GRIEVING LAS VEGAS DEPT.

# MAD'S CELEBRITY CAUSE-OF-DEATH BETTING ODDS

Our team of crack oddsmakers gives you the latest Vegas line on how one of today's biggest newsmakers is going to meet the Grim Reaper!

**THIS MONTH'S FUTURE URN-FULL-OF-ASHES:**



Paula Jones

CAUSE OF DEATH

ODDS

The Vince Foster "solution"	2:1
Falls under wheels of trailer home while moving	8:1
Mascara overdose	10:1
Hyperventilation while laughing at <i>You Might Be A Redneck</i> videotape	15:1
Car wreck on way to MENSA meeting	439,038,773:1

ARTIST: THOMAS FLUHARTY

WRITER: MIKE SNIDER



WHAT COULD BILL  
AND HILLARY BE  
DOING WHEN THEY  
LEAVE THE  
WHITE HOUSE?

## HERE WE GO WITH ANOTHER RIDICULOUS **MAD FOLD-IN**

The big question being asked is what Bill and Hillary Clinton will do after his Presidency ends. Will they go into charity work like the Carters or go skydiving like George Bush? Or will they resume their careers in law? To find out what's in the Clintons' futures, fold page in as shown.



FOLD PAGE OVER LIKE THIS!

FOLD THIS SECTION OVER LEFT

FOLD BACK SO "A" MEETS "B"

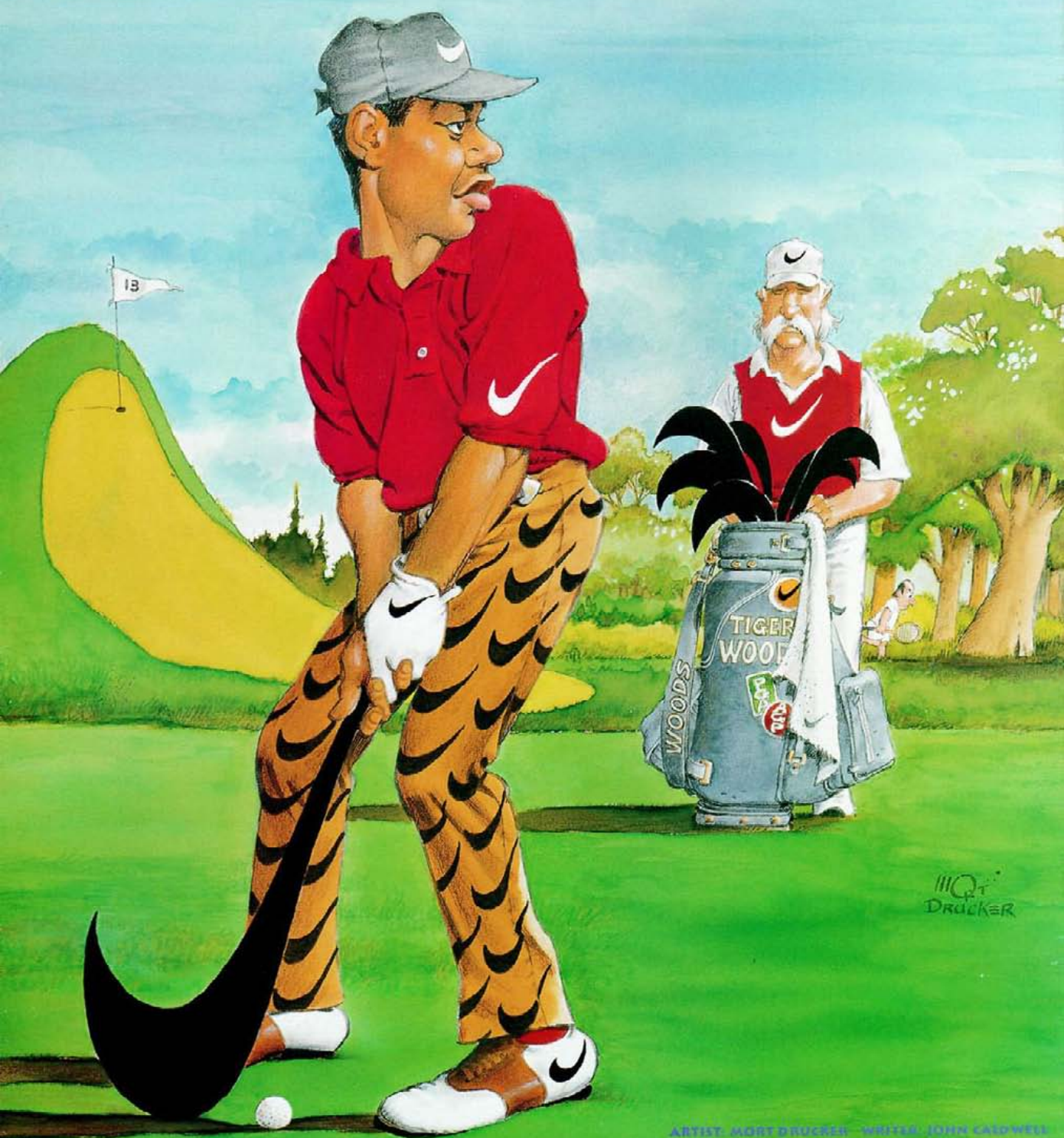


HIGH PRESSURE JOBS ARE THE USUAL REWARD  
POLITICIANS EXPECT AFTER THEY RE-  
TIRE FROM PUBLIC OFFICE AND RETURN HOME



# The Day Sports Endorsements Went Too Far

## TIGER WOODS AT THE PGA CHAMPIONSHIP



ARTIST: MORT DRUCKER WRITER: JOHN CALDWELL